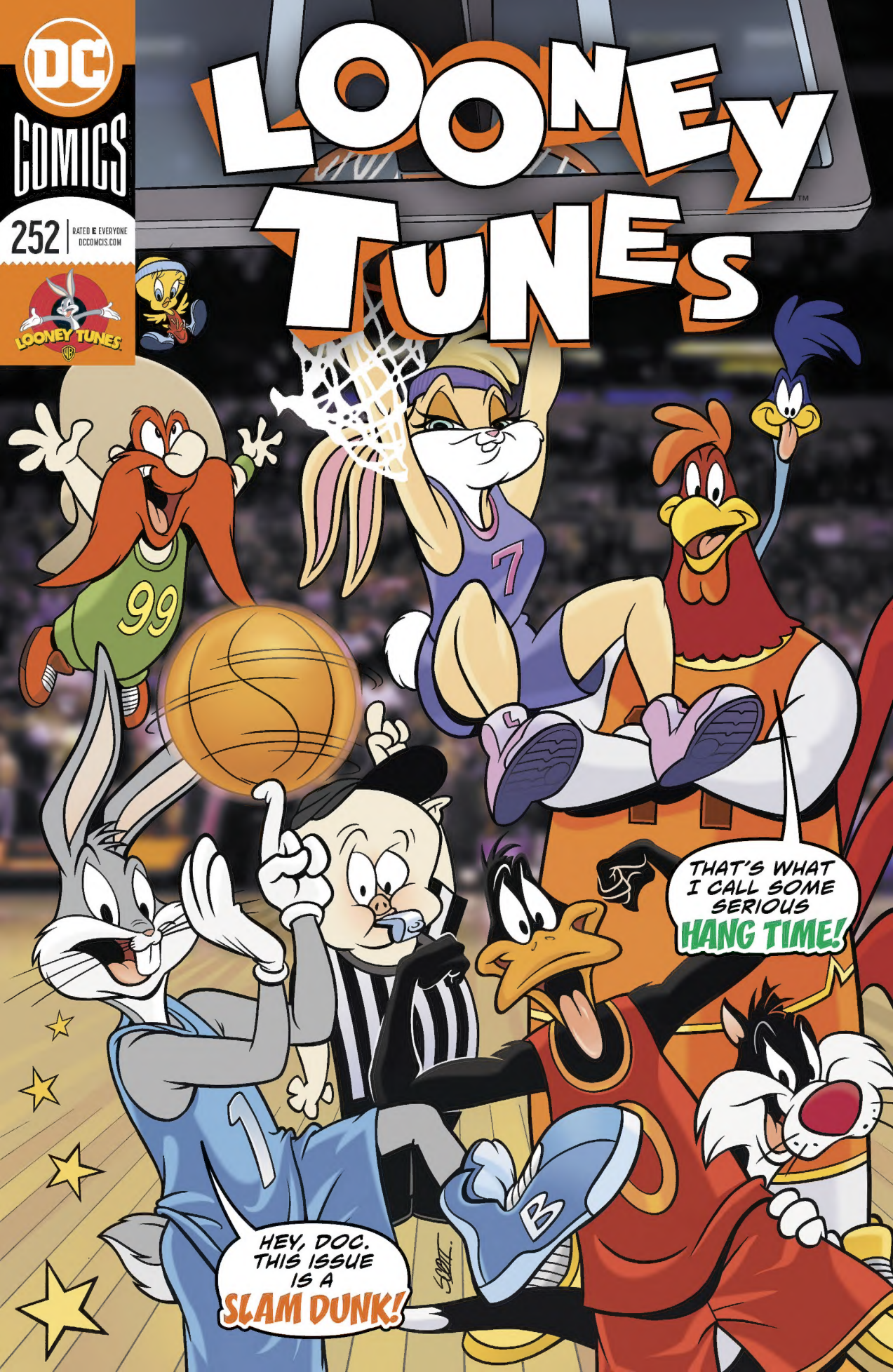
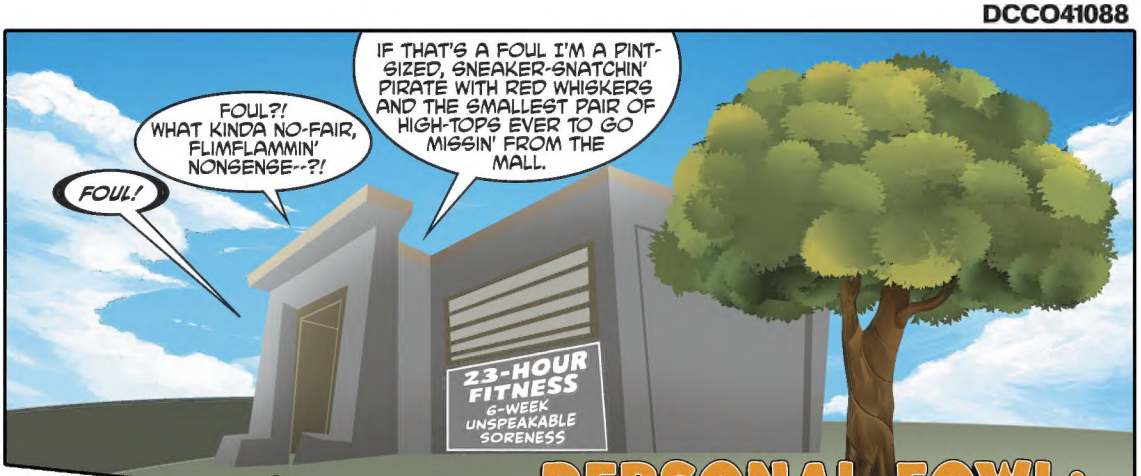
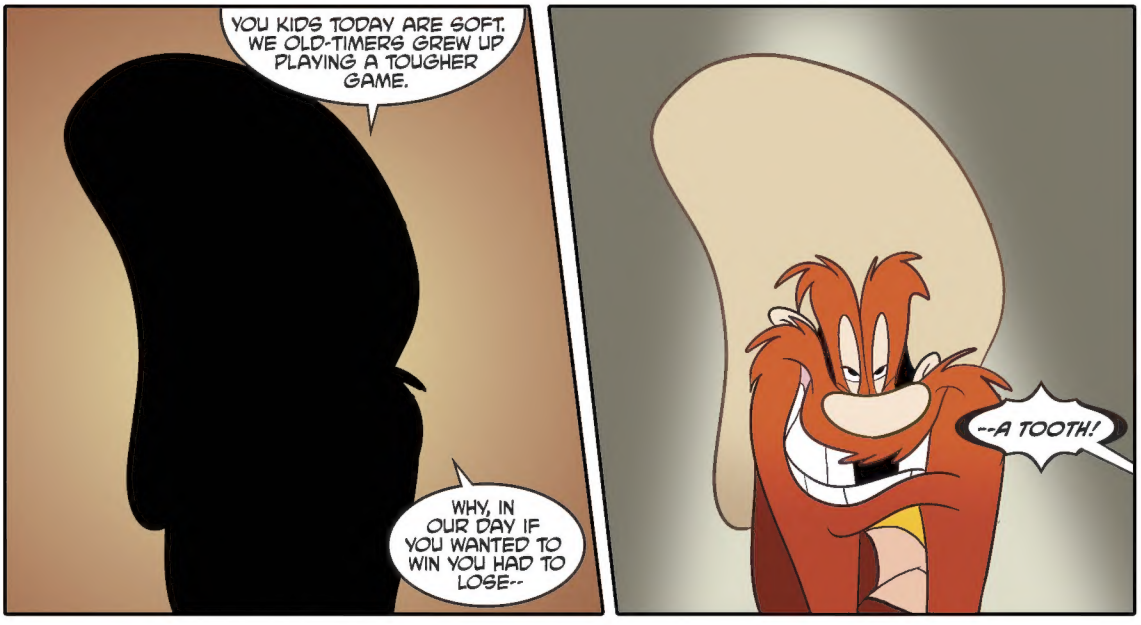

DC
COMICS
252
RATED E EVERYONE
DCCOMICS.COM
LOONEY TUNES
LOONEY TUNES
THAT'S WHAT I CALL SOME SERIOUS HANG TIME!
HEY, DOC. THIS ISSUE IS A SLAM DUNK!

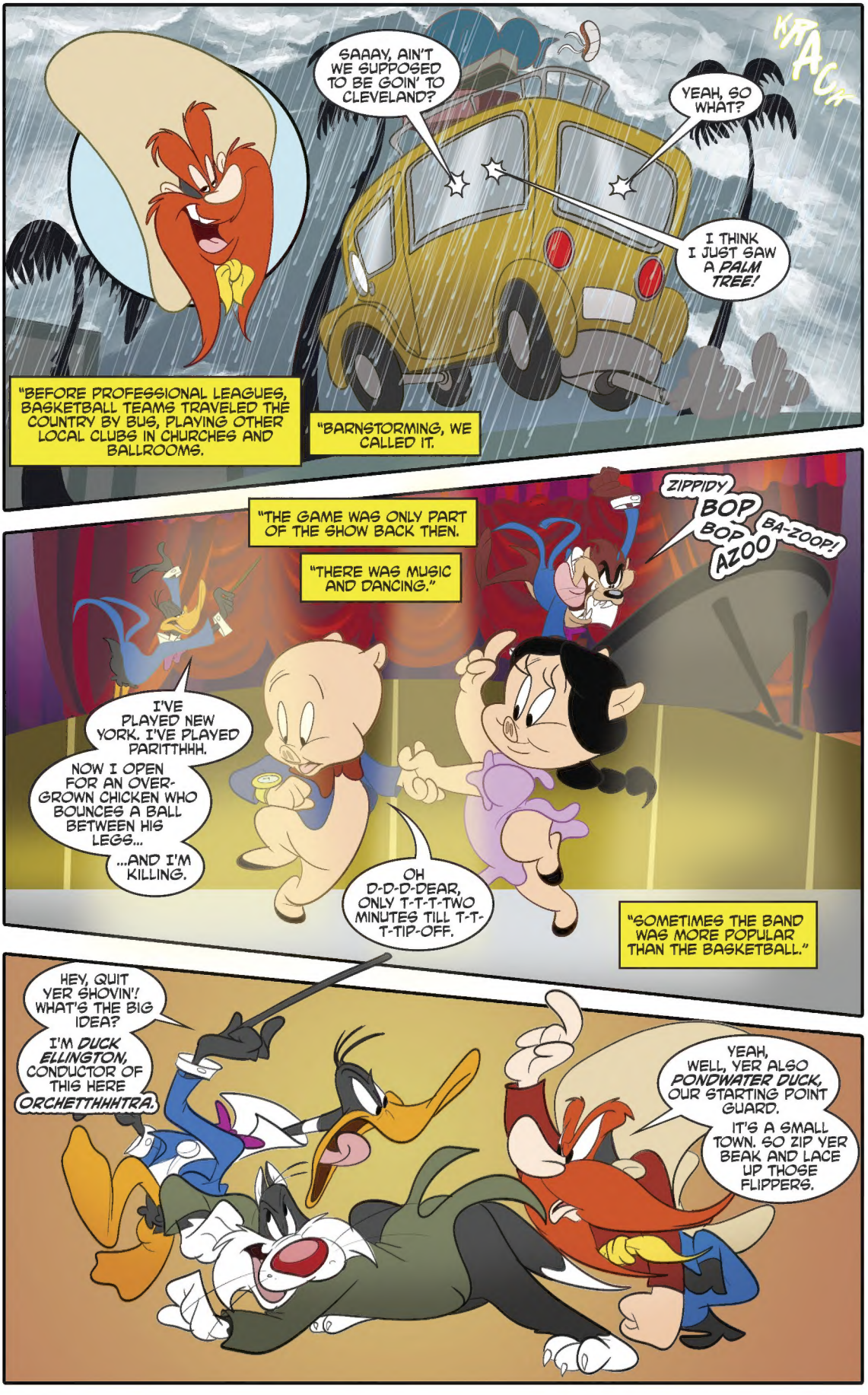

FOUL!
FOUL?! WHAT KINDA NO-FAIR, FLIMFLAMMIN' NONSENSE--?!
IF THAT'S A FOUL I'M A PINT-SIZED, SNEAKER-SNATCHIN' PIRATE WITH RED WHISKERS AND THE SMALLEST PAIR OF HIGH-TOPS EVER TO GO MISSIN' FROM THE MALL.
23-HOUR FITNESS
6-WEEK UNSPEAKABLE SORENESS

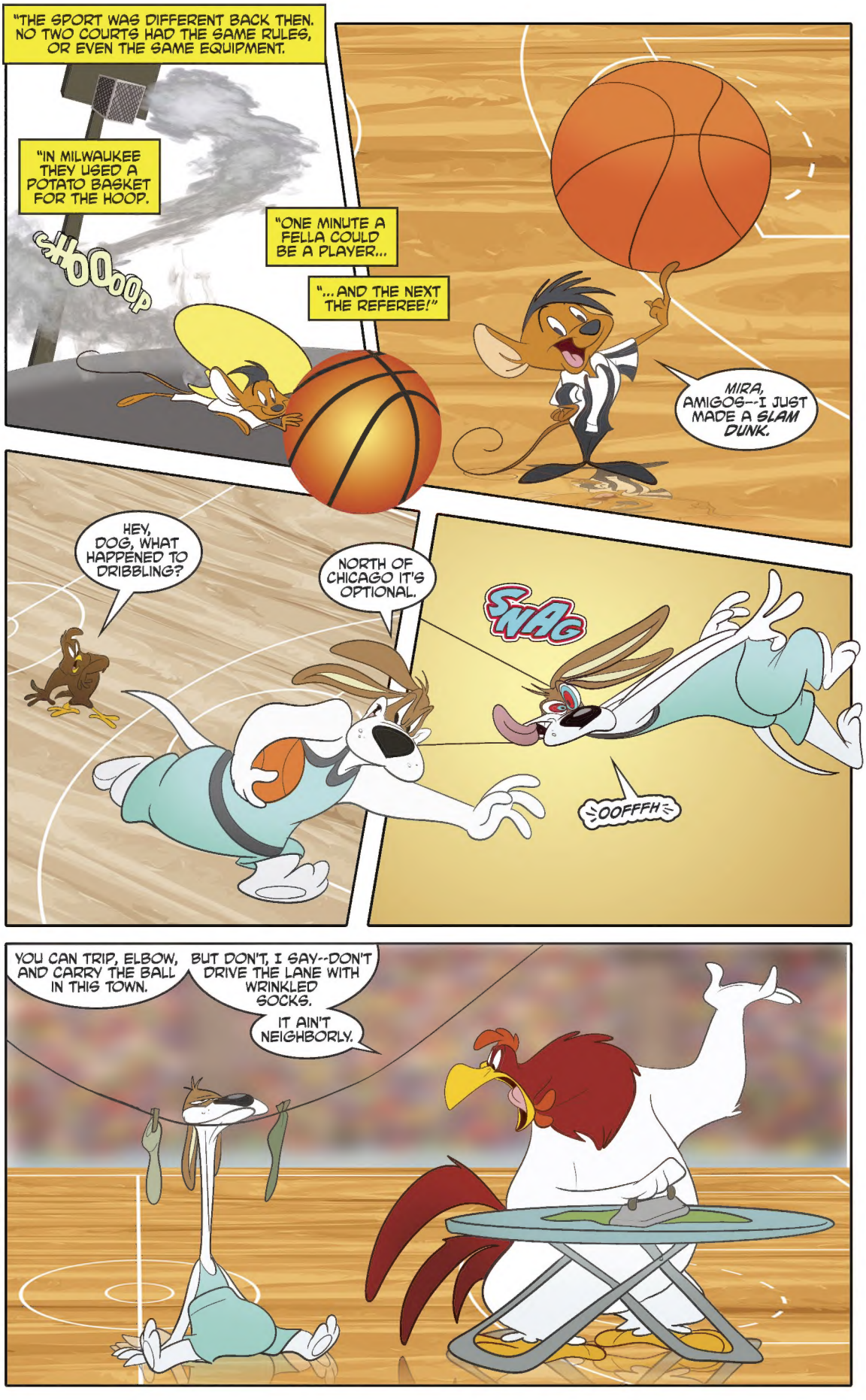
PERSONAL FOWL: THE BASKETBALL LEGEND OF LEFOGHORN LEGHORN

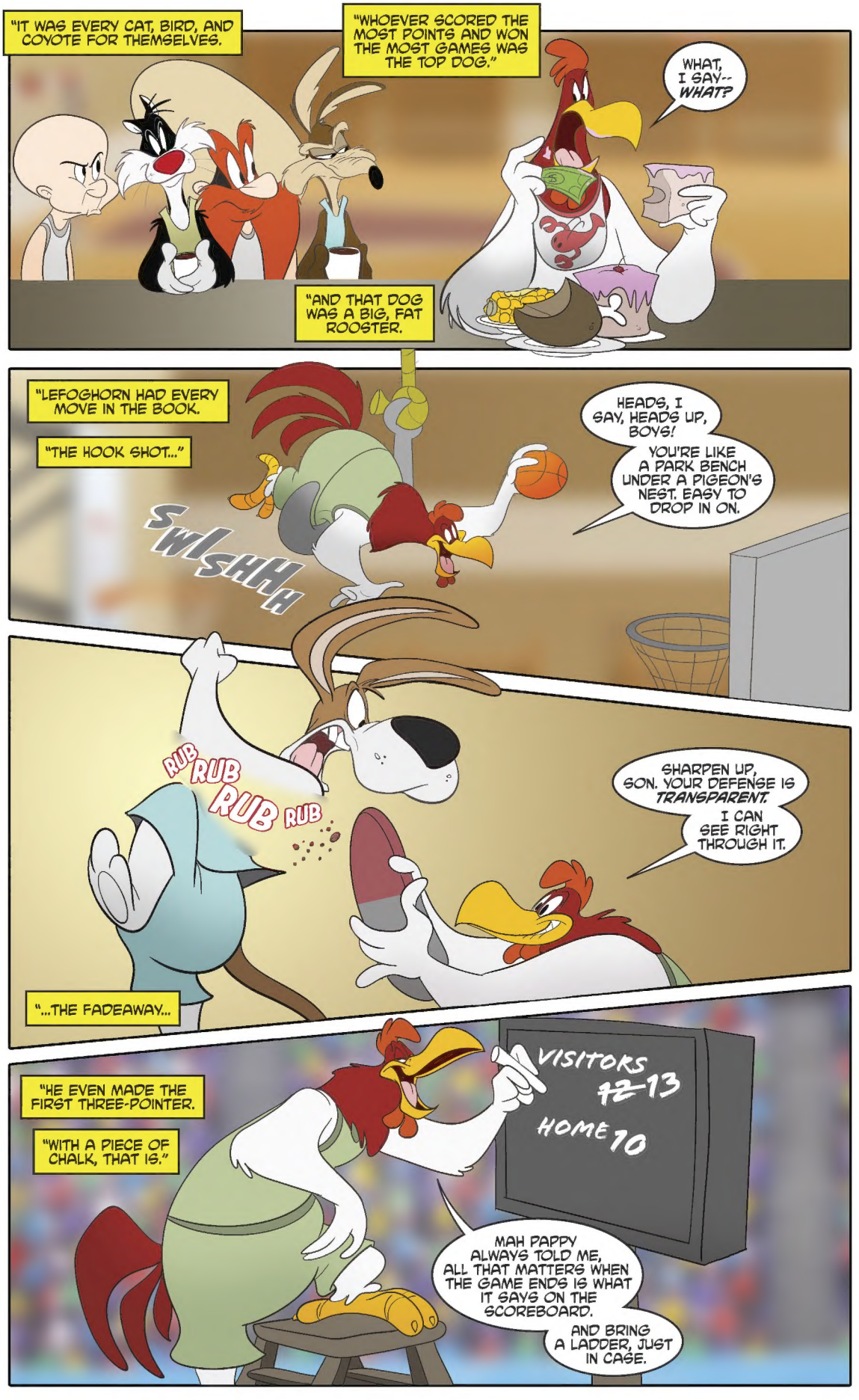
WRITER SCOTT GROSS ARTWORK & COVER DAVID ALVAREZ
LETTERER GABRIELA DOWNIE COVER SCOTT GROSS
EDITOR HARVEY RICHARDS

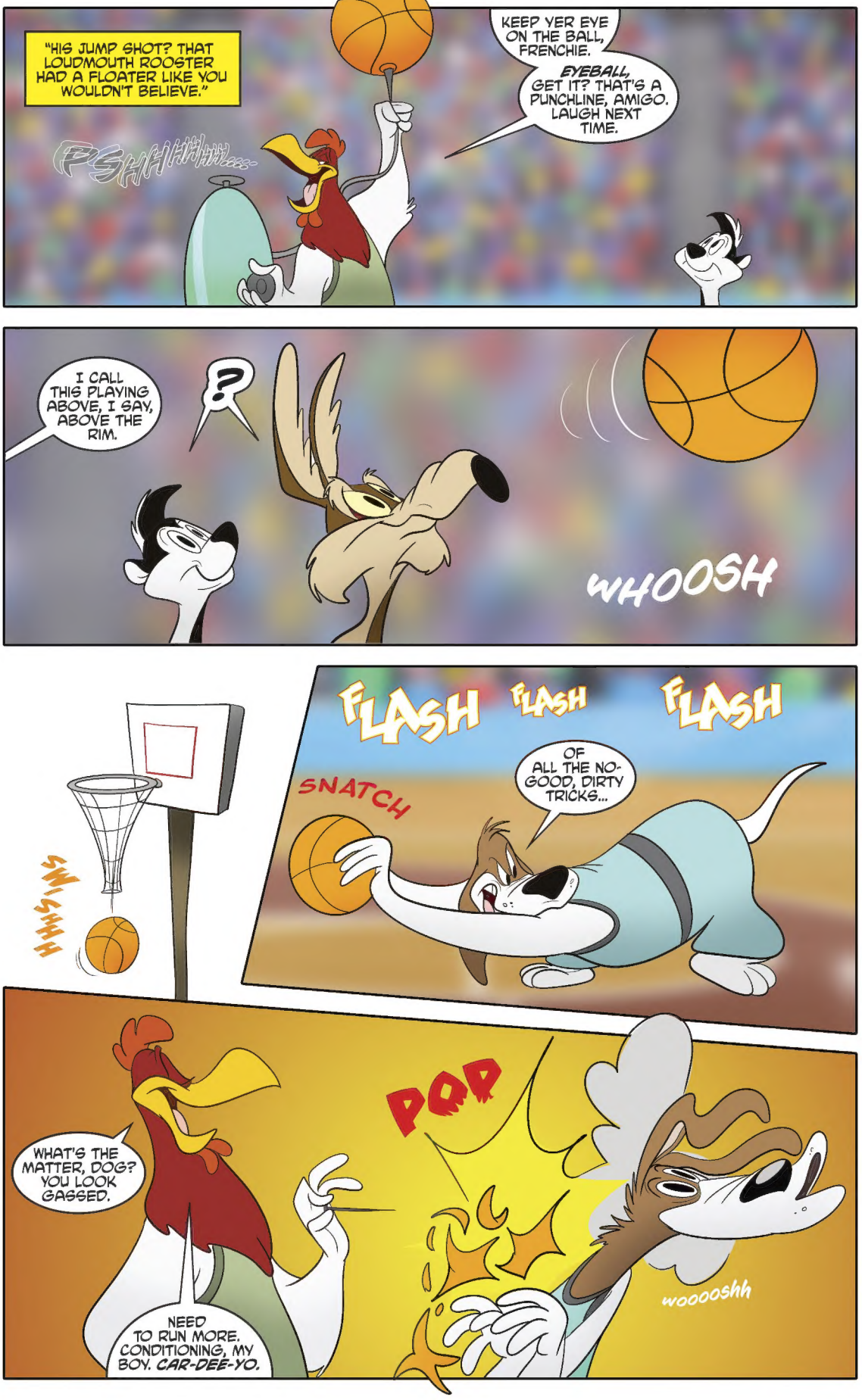
BEEP!
BEEP!
THAT'S A FOUL.
ACCORDING TO THE RULES, A DEFENSIVE PLAYER CANNOT IMPEDE THE BALL HANDLER FROM DRIBBLING OR SHOOTING. WE GET TWO FREE THROWS.
FREE THROWS? RULE BOOK? THAT WAS GOOD, CLEAN DEFENTHHH!
ANYWAYS, I DIDN'T IMPEDE THE BALL HANDLER. I KICKED HIM IN THE SHIN.


YOU KIDS TODAY ARE SOFT. WE OLD-TIMERS GREW UP PLAYING A TOUGHER GAME.
WHY, IN OUR DAY IF YOU WANTED TO WIN YOU HAD TO LOSE--
--A TOOTH!


"BEFORE PROFESSIONAL LEAGUES, BASKETBALL TEAMS TRAVELED THE COUNTRY BY BUS, PLAYING OTHER LOCAL CLUBS IN CHURCHES AND BALLROOMS.
SAAAY, AIN'T WE SUPPOSED TO BE GOIN' TO CLEVELAND?
KRACK
YEAH, SO WHAT?
I THINK I JUST SAW A PALM TREE!
"BARNSTORMING, WE CALLED IT.
"THE GAME WAS ONLY PART OF THE SHOW BACK THEN.
"THERE WAS MUSIC AND DANCING."
ZIPPIDY BOP BOP AZOO BA-ZOOP!
I'VE PLAYED NEW YORK. I'VE PLAYED PARITTHHH.
NOW I OPEN FOR AN OVER-GROWN CHICKEN WHO BOUNCES A BALL BETWEEN HIS LEGS...
...AND I'M KILLING.
OH D-D-D-DEAR, ONLY T-T-T-TWO MINUTES TILL T-T-T-TIP-OFF.
"SOMETIMES THE BAND WAS MORE POPULAR THAN THE BASKETBALL."
HEY, QUIT YER SHOVIN'! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
I'M DUCK ELLINGTON, CONDUCTOR OF THIS HERE ORCHETTHHHTRA.
YEAH, WELL, YER ALSO PONDWATER DUCK, OUR STARTING POINT GUARD.
IT'S A SMALL TOWN. SO ZIP YER BEAK AND LACE UP THOSE FLIPPERS.


"THE SPORT WAS DIFFERENT BACK THEN. NO TWO COURTS HAD THE SAME RULES, OR EVEN THE SAME EQUIPMENT.
"IN MILWAUKEE THEY USED A POTATO BASKET FOR THE HOOP.
HOOOOP
"ONE MINUTE A FELLA COULD BE A PLAYER...
"...AND THE NEXT THE REFEREE!"
MIRA, AMIGOS--I JUST MADE A SLAM DUNK.
HEY, DOG, WHAT HAPPENED TO DRIBBLING?
NORTH OF CHICAGO IT'S OPTIONAL.
SNAG
OOFFFH
YOU CAN TRIP, ELBOW, AND CARRY THE BALL IN THIS TOWN.
BUT DON'T, I SAY--DON'T DRIVE THE LANE WITH WRINKLED SOCKS.
IT AIN'T NEIGHBORLY.

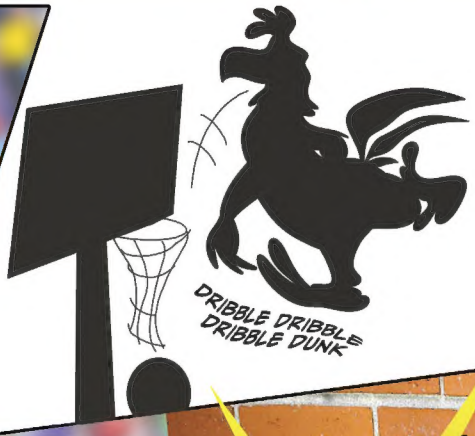

"IT WAS EVERY CAT, BIRD, AND COYOTE FOR THEMSELVES.
"WHOEVER SCORED THE MOST POINTS AND WON THE MOST GAMES WAS THE TOP DOG."
WHAT, I SAY-- WHAT?
"AND THAT DOG WAS A BIG, FAT ROOSTER.
"LEFOGHORN HAD EVERY MOVE IN THE BOOK.
"THE HOOK SHOT..."
SWISHHH
HEADS, I SAY, HEADS UP, BOYS!
YOU'RE LIKE A PARK BENCH UNDER A PIGEON'S NEST. EASY TO DROP IN ON.
RUB RUB RUB RUB
SHARPEN UP, SON. YOUR DEFENSE IS TRANSPARENT.
I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT.
"...THE FADEAWAY..."
"HE EVEN MADE THE FIRST THREE-POINTER.
"WITH A PIECE OF CHALK, THAT IS."
VISITORS 12 13
HOME 10
MAH PAPPY ALWAYS TOLD ME, ALL THAT MATTERS WHEN THE GAME ENDS IS WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SCOREBOARD.
AND BRING A LADDER, JUST IN CASE.


"HIS JUMP SHOT? THAT LOUDMOUTH ROOSTER HAD A FLOATER LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE."
PSHHHHHHHHH.....
KEEP YER EYE ON THE BALL, FRENCHIE.
EYEBALL, GET IT? THAT'S A PUNCHLINE, AMIGO. LAUGH NEXT TIME.
I CALL THIS PLAYING ABOVE, I SAY, ABOVE THE RIM.
?
WHOOSH
FLASH
FLASH
FLASH
SNATCH
OF ALL THE NO-GOOD, DIRTY TRICKS...
SWISHH
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOG? YOU LOOK GASSED.
NEED TO RUN MORE. CONDITIONING, MY BOY. CAR-DEE-YO.
POP
woooooshh

"WE TRIED EVERYTHING TO KEEP THAT ROOSTER OUT OF THE BOX SCORE."
WHAT, I SAY, WHAT'S UP, DOG? YOU GO FROM SHOOTING BRICKS TO LAYING 'EM?
VERY LEFUNNY, LEFOGGY. TRY DRIBBLING THROUGH THIS DEFENSE.

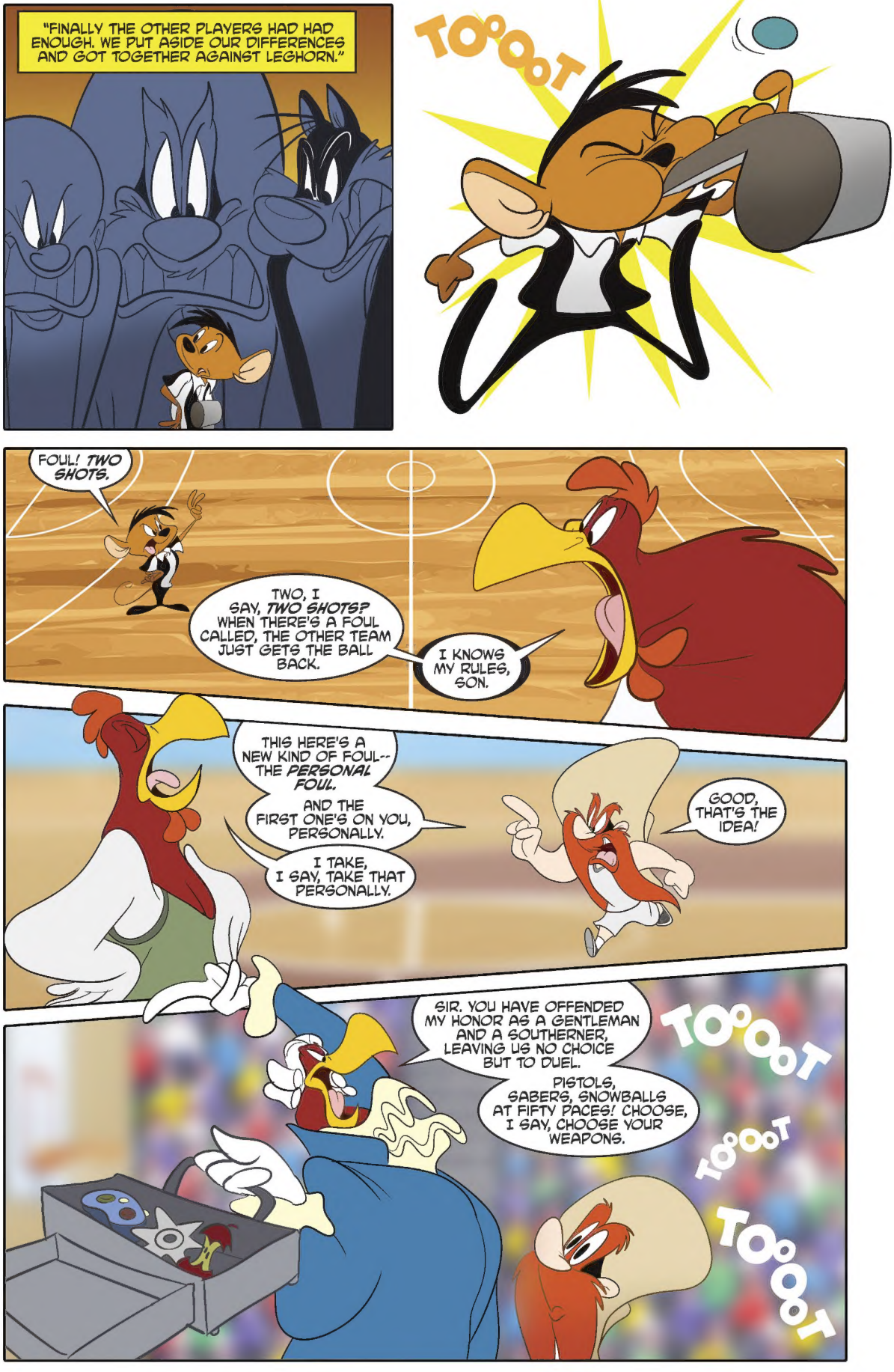
SON, THERE'S TWO, I SAY, TWO WAYS OF PLAYING THIS GAME.
YOU CAN WEAR YOURSELF OUT LIKE A LINT ROLLER AT A POMERANIAN WEDDING...
PSSSHHT RPSSSHHT PSSHHHT

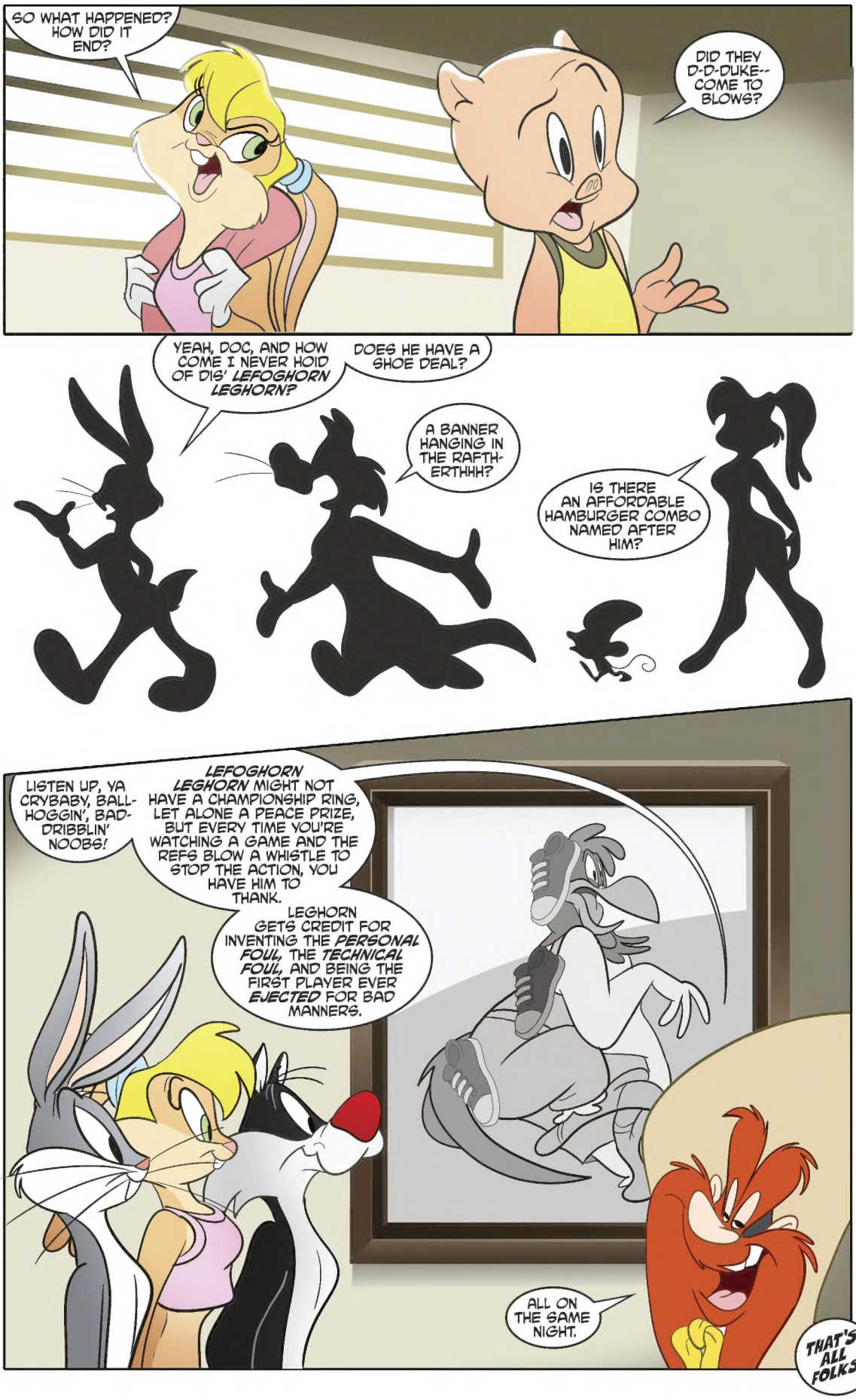
...OR YOU CAN BE AN *ARTIST* ABOUT THINGS.
JUMP

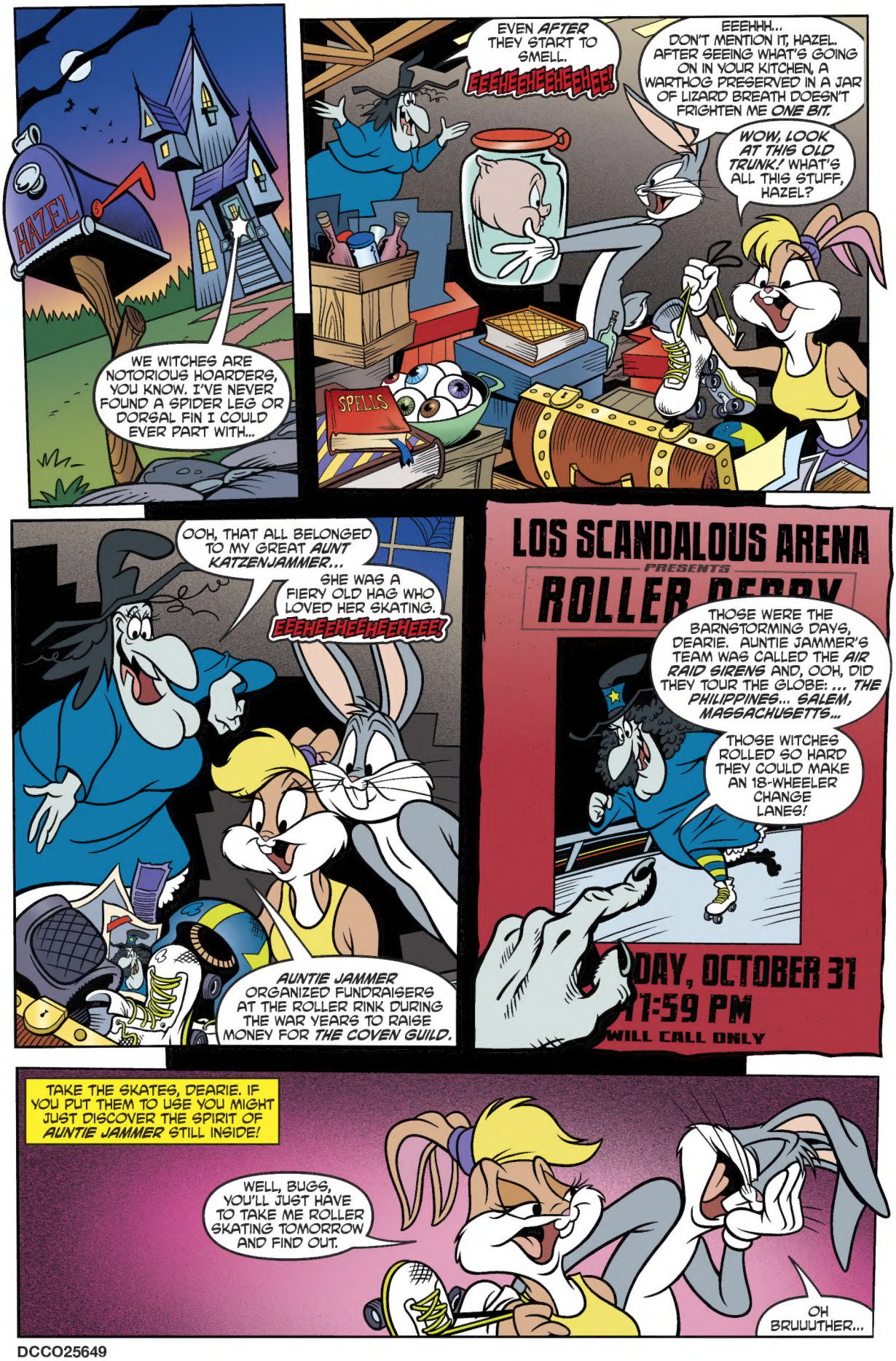

DRIBBLE DRIBBLE DRIBBLE DUNK

A FINE ONE, IF I DON'T SAY SO MYSELF.
MODERN ART DON'T IMPRESS ME, BIRDBRAIN. ANYBODY CAN DO IT.

CRASH


"FINALLY THE OTHER PLAYERS HAD HAD ENOUGH. WE PUT ASIDE OUR DIFFERENCES AND GOT TOGETHER AGAINST LEGHORN."
TOOOOT
FOUL! TWO SHOTS.
TWO, I SAY, TWO SHOTS? WHEN THERE'S A FOUL CALLED, THE OTHER TEAM JUST GETS THE BALL BACK.
I KNOWS MY RULES, SON.
THIS HERE'S A NEW KIND OF FOUL-- THE PERSONAL FOUL.
AND THE FIRST ONE'S ON YOU, PERSONALLY.
I TAKE, I SAY, TAKE THAT PERSONALLY.
GOOD, THAT'S THE IDEA!
SIR. YOU HAVE OFFENDED MY HONOR AS A GENTLEMAN AND A SOUTHERNER, LEAVING US NO CHOICE BUT TO DUEL.
PISTOLS, SABERS, SNOWBALLS AT FIFTY PACES! CHOOSE, I SAY, CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS.
TOOOOT
TOOOOT
TOOOOT


SO WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID IT END?
DID THEY D-D-DUKE-- COME TO BLOWS?
YEAH, DOC, AND HOW COME I NEVER HOID OF DIS' LEFOGHORN LEGHORN?
DOES HE HAVE A SHOE DEAL?
A BANNER HANGING IN THE RAFTH-ERTHHH?
IS THERE AN AFFORDABLE HAMBURGER COMBO NAMED AFTER HIM?
LISTEN UP, YA CRYBABY, BALL-HOGGIN', BAD-DRIBBLIN' NOOBS!
LEFOGHORN LEGHORN MIGHT NOT HAVE A CHAMPIONSHIP RING, LET ALONE A PEACE PRIZE, BUT EVERY TIME YOU'RE WATCHING A GAME AND THE REFS BLOW A WHISTLE TO STOP THE ACTION, YOU HAVE HIM TO THANK.
LEGHORN GETS CREDIT FOR INVENTING THE PERSONAL FOUL, THE TECHNICAL FOUL, AND BEING THE FIRST PLAYER EVER EJECTED FOR BAD MANNERS.
ALL ON THE SAME NIGHT.
THAT'S ALL FOLKS!


HAZEL
WE WITCHES ARE NOTORIOUS HOARDERS, YOU KNOW. I'VE NEVER FOUND A SPIDER LEG OR DORSAL FIN I COULD EVER PART WITH...
EVEN AFTER THEY START TO SMELL.
EEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!
EEEHHH... DON'T MENTION IT, HAZEL. AFTER SEEING WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR KITCHEN, A WARTHOG PRESERVED IN A JAR OF LIZARD BREATH DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME ONE BIT.
WOW, LOOK AT THIS OLD TRUNK! WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF, HAZEL?
SPELLS
OOH, THAT ALL BELONGED TO MY GREAT AUNT KATZENJAMMER...
SHE WAS A FIERY OLD HAG WHO LOVED HER SKATING.
EEEHEEHEEHEEHEEE!
AUNTIE JAMMER ORGANIZED FUNDRAISERS AT THE ROLLER RINK DURING THE WAR YEARS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE COVEN GUILD.
LOS SCANDALOUS ARENA
PRESENTS
ROLLER DERBY
THOSE WERE THE BARNSTORMING DAYS, DEARIE. AUNTIE JAMMER'S TEAM WAS CALLED THE AIR RAID SIRENS AND, OOH, DID THEY TOUR THE GLOBE: ... THE PHILIPPINES... SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS...
THOSE WITCHES ROLLED SO HARD THEY COULD MAKE AN 18-WHEELER CHANGE LANES!
DAY, OCTOBER 31
1:59 PM
WILL CALL ONLY
TAKE THE SKATES, DEARIE. IF YOU PUT THEM TO USE YOU MIGHT JUST DISCOVER THE SPIRIT OF AUNTIE JAMMER STILL INSIDE!
WELL, BUGS, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE ME ROLLER SKATING TOMORROW AND FIND OUT.
OH BRUUUTHER...

I GOTTA TALK TO GRANNY ABOUT GETTING ONE A, DEEZ OVALS INSTALLED IN MY *BIRDCAGE.*

MEEP MEEP! *THTHTTPPP!*

ANDALE, AMIGOS, THE GAP BETWEEN FOGHORN'S TEETH EEZ THE GOAL!

GAARRBLDDGRR!!

NOW WAIT JUST, I SAY, WAIT JUST ONE-

CRASH

BUGS & LOLA IN "THE DAY DERBY ALMOST DIED"

By Scott Gross

Colorist - Heroic Age Letterer - Dezi Sienty

Editor - Chynna Clugston Flores

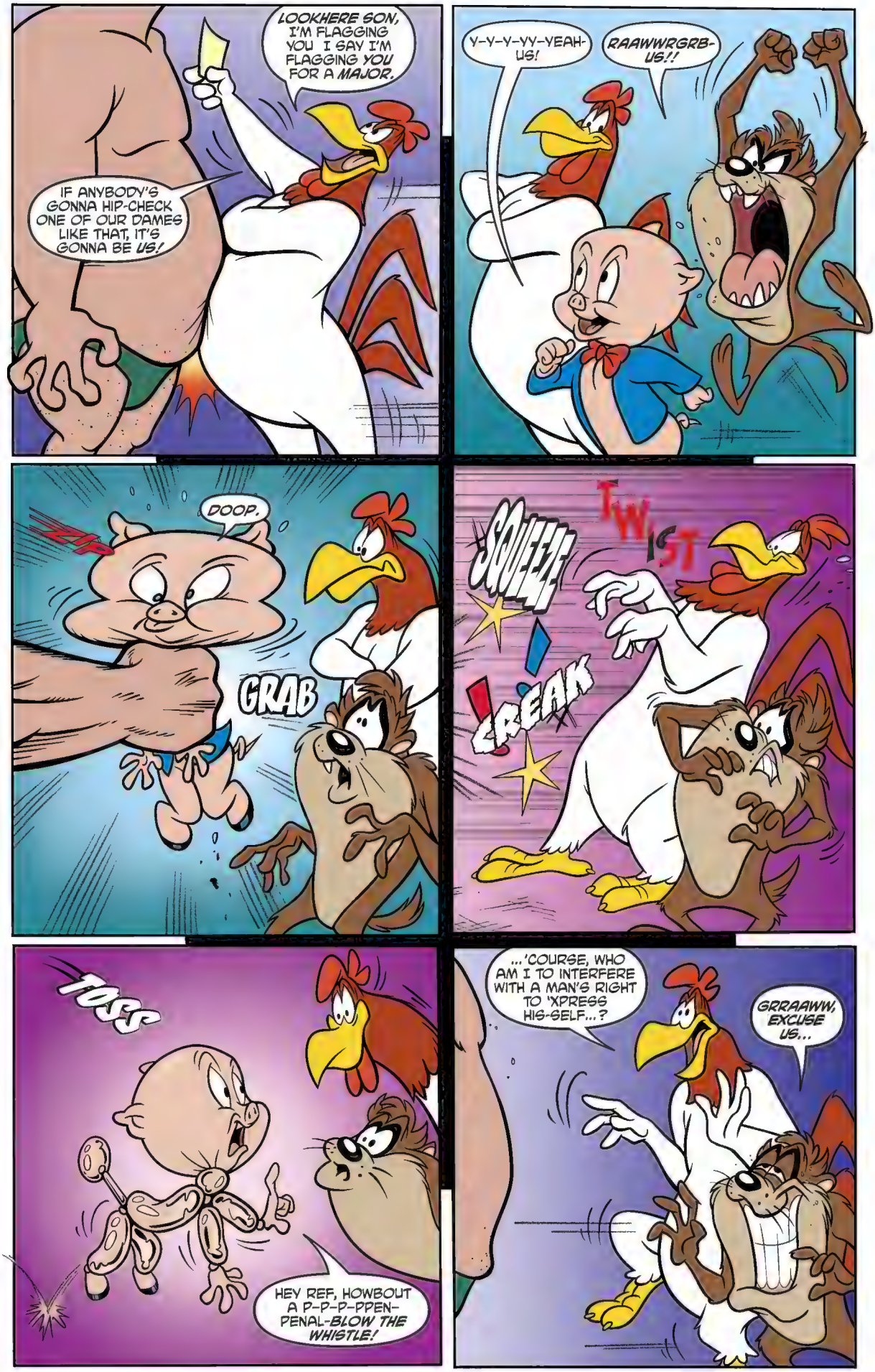
I MEAN, *C'MON, LOLA*-THIS AIN'T EXACTLY A MAN'S SPORT. THERE AIN'T NO *BALL*, AND THERE *AIN'T* NO *PHYSICAL CONTACT.*

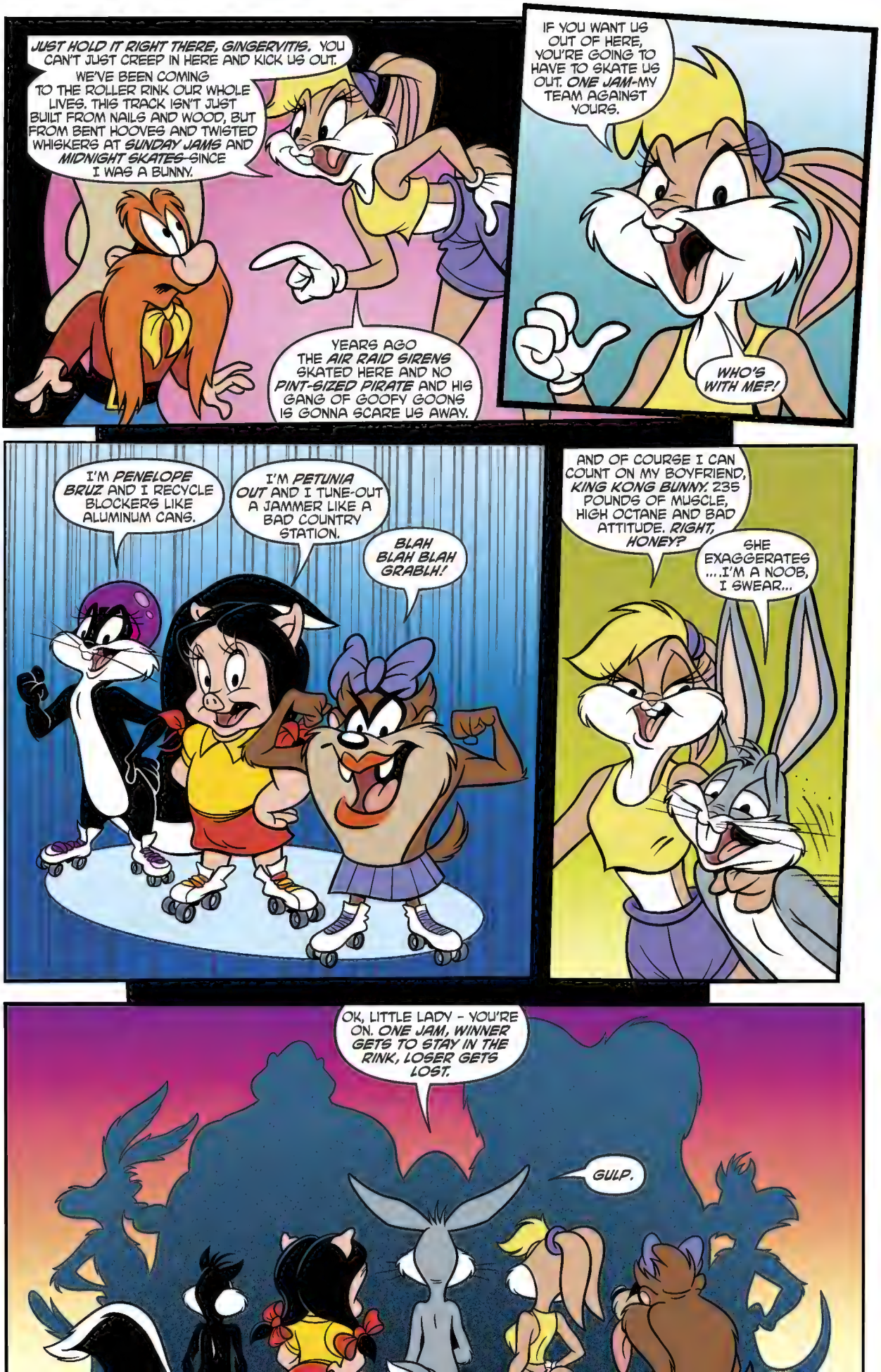
BUGS, THE ONLY *PHYSICAL CONTACT* YOU KNOW ABOUT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR FURRY TAIL HITS THE LIVING ROOM SOFA.

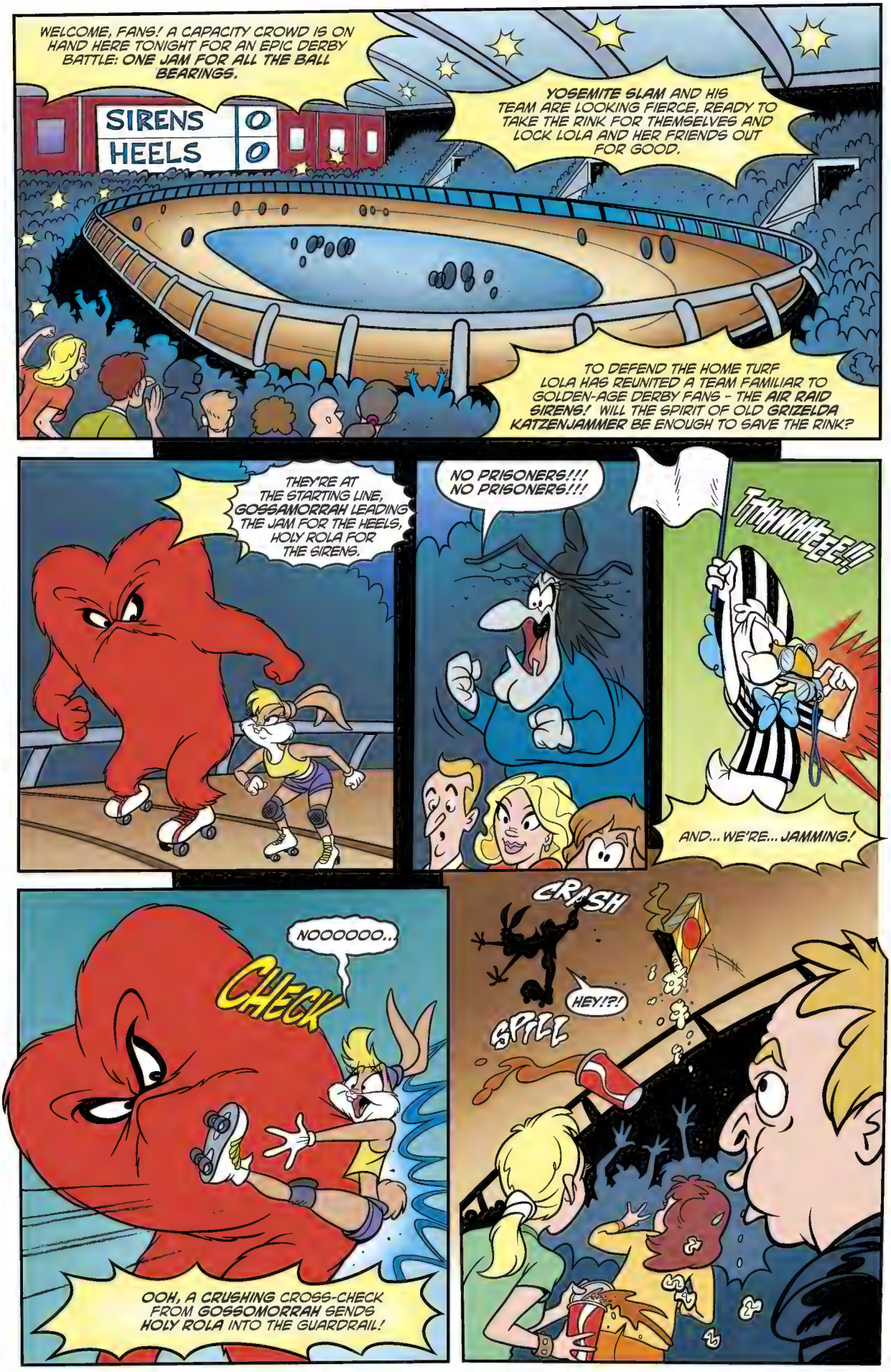
I BET YOU'RE IN FOR A BETTER WORKOUT THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR.

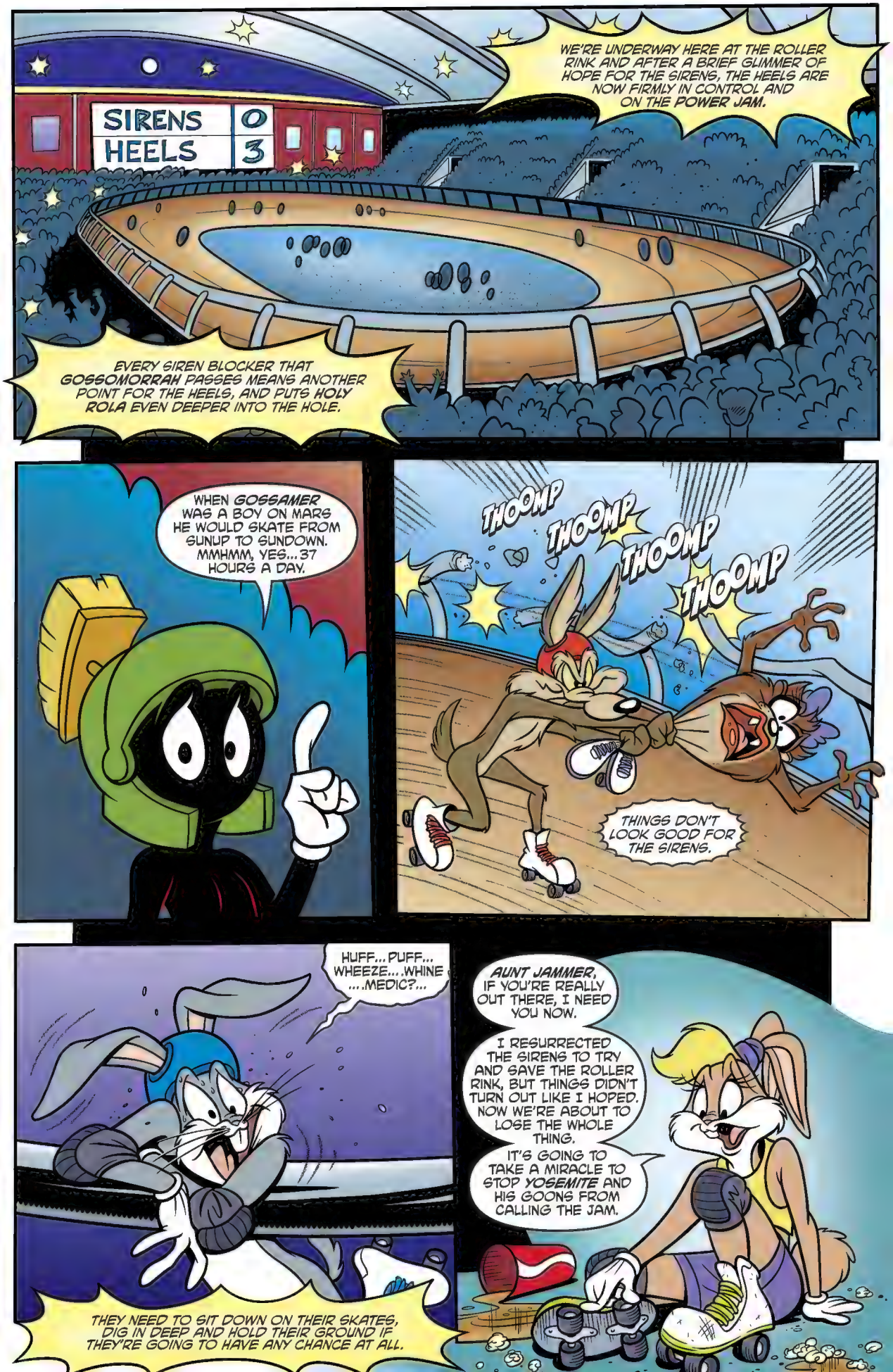
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN *TAKE IT, BUNNY.*

THIS IS SO SWEET, BUGS. DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF SEVENTH-GRADE AFTER-PROM?
YOU MEAN WHEN YOU DITCHED ME TO SKATE WITH THE OLDER GUYS FROM THE HOCKEY TEAM?
YEAH, THAT WAS AWESOME!
SWOOP
SMASH
CHECK
OOOH!!
ALL RIGHT, KIDDIES, LISTEN UP! I'M YOSEMITE SLAM AND WE'RE THE EIGHT-WHEEL HEELS.
AS OF NOW THIS RINK IS CLOSED FOR A PRIVATE PARTY, AND NOBODY'S INVITED.
BURST
EXIT
SO HIKE UP YOUR STOCKINGS, LADIES, AND ROLL ON OUTTA HERE!

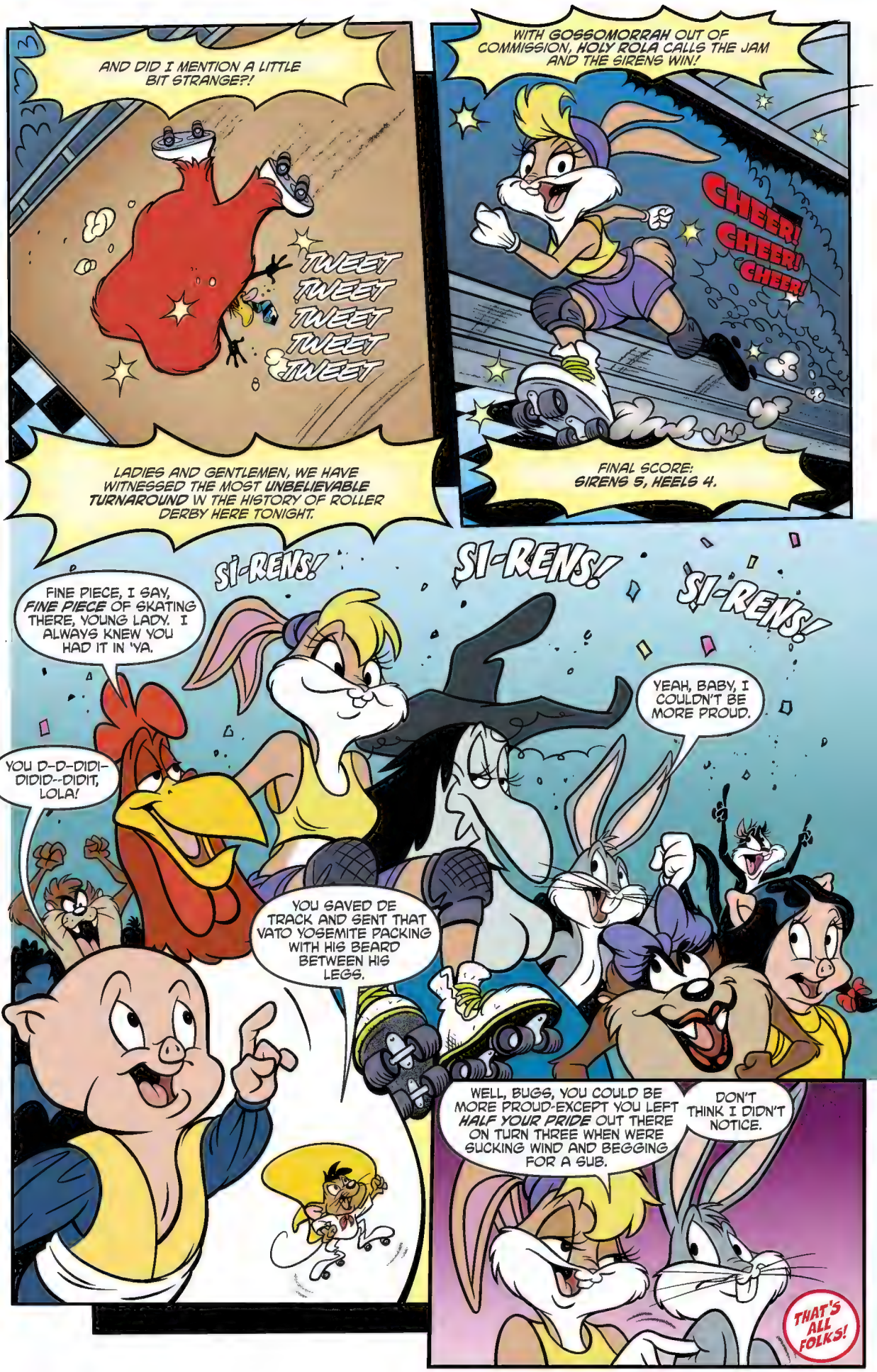

LOOKHERE SON, I'M FLAGGING YOU I SAY I'M FLAGGING YOU FOR A MAJOR.
IF ANYBODY'S GONNA HIP-CHECK ONE OF OUR DAMES LIKE THAT, IT'S GONNA BE US!
Y-Y-Y-YY-YEAH-US!
RAAWWRGRB-US!!
ZIP
DOOP.
GRAB
SQUEEZE
TWIST
CREAK
TOSS
HEY REF, HOWBOUT A P-P-P-PPEN-PENAL-BLOW THE WHISTLE!
...'COURSE, WHO AM I TO INTERFERE WITH A MAN'S RIGHT TO 'XPRESS HIS-SELF...?
GRRAAWW, EXCUSE US...


JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, GINGERVITIS. YOU CAN'T JUST CREEP IN HERE AND KICK US OUT.
WE'VE BEEN COMING TO THE ROLLER RINK OUR WHOLE LIVES. THIS TRACK ISN'T JUST BUILT FROM NAILS AND WOOD, BUT FROM BENT HOOVES AND TWISTED WHISKERS AT SUNDAY JAMS AND MIDNIGHT SKATES SINCE I WAS A BUNNY.
YEARS AGO THE AIR RAID SIRENS SKATED HERE AND NO PINT-SIZED PIRATE AND HIS GANG OF GOOFY GOONS IS GONNA SCARE US AWAY.
IF YOU WANT US OUT OF HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SKATE US OUT. ONE JAM-MY TEAM AGAINST YOURS.
WHO'S WITH ME?!
I'M PENELOPE BRUZ AND I RECYCLE BLOCKERS LIKE ALUMINUM CANS.
I'M PETUNIA OUT AND I TUNE-OUT A JAMMER LIKE A BAD COUNTRY STATION.
BLAH BLAH BLAH GRABLH!
AND OF COURSE I CAN COUNT ON MY BOYFRIEND, KING KONG BUNNY. 235 POUNDS OF MUSCLE, HIGH OCTANE AND BAD ATTITUDE. RIGHT, HONEY?
SHE EXAGGERATES ....I'M A NOOB, I SWEAR...
OK, LITTLE LADY - YOU'RE ON. ONE JAM, WINNER GETS TO STAY IN THE RINK, LOSER GETS LOST.
GULP.


WELCOME, FANS! A CAPACITY CROWD IS ON HAND HERE TONIGHT FOR AN EPIC DERBY BATTLE: ONE JAM FOR ALL THE BALL BEARINGS.
SIRENS 0
HEELS 0
YOSEMITE SLAM AND HIS TEAM ARE LOOKING FIERCE, READY TO TAKE THE RINK FOR THEMSELVES AND LOCK LOLA AND HER FRIENDS OUT FOR GOOD.
TO DEFEND THE HOME TURF LOLA HAS REUNITED A TEAM FAMILIAR TO GOLDEN-AGE DERBY FANS - THE AIR RAID SIRENS! WILL THE SPIRIT OF OLD GRIZELDA KATZENJAMMER BE ENOUGH TO SAVE THE RINK?
THEY'RE AT THE STARTING LINE, GOSSAMORRAH LEADING THE JAM FOR THE HEELS, HOLY ROLA FOR THE SIRENS.
NO PRISONERS!!! NO PRISONERS!!!
TTHHHHEEEE!!!
AND... WE'RE... JAMMING!
NOOOOOO...
CHECK
OOH, A CRUSHING CROSS-CHECK FROM GOSSOMORRAH SENDS HOLY ROLA INTO THE GUARDRAIL!
CRASH
HEY!?!
SPILL


SIRENS 0
HEELS 3
WE'RE UNDERWAY HERE AT THE ROLLER RINK AND AFTER A BRIEF GLIMMER OF HOPE FOR THE SIRENS, THE HEELS ARE NOW FIRMLY IN CONTROL AND ON THE POWER JAM.
EVERY SIREN BLOCKER THAT GOSSOMORRAH PASSES MEANS ANOTHER POINT FOR THE HEELS, AND PUTS HOLY ROLA EVEN DEEPER INTO THE HOLE.
WHEN GOSSAMER WAS A BOY ON MARS HE WOULD SKATE FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN. MMHMM, YES... 37 HOURS A DAY.
THOOMP
THOOMP
THOOMP
THOOMP
THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD FOR THE SIRENS.
HUFF... PUFF... WHEEZE....WHINE ....MEDIC?...
THEY NEED TO SIT DOWN ON THEIR SKATES, DIG IN DEEP AND HOLD THEIR GROUND IF THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE ANY CHANCE AT ALL.
AUNT JAMMER, IF YOU'RE REALLY OUT THERE, I NEED YOU NOW.
I RESURRECTED THE SIRENS TO TRY AND SAVE THE ROLLER RINK, BUT THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE I HOPED. NOW WE'RE ABOUT TO LOSE THE WHOLE THING.
IT'S GOING TO TAKE A MIRACLE TO STOP YOSEMITE AND HIS GOONS FROM CALLING THE JAM.

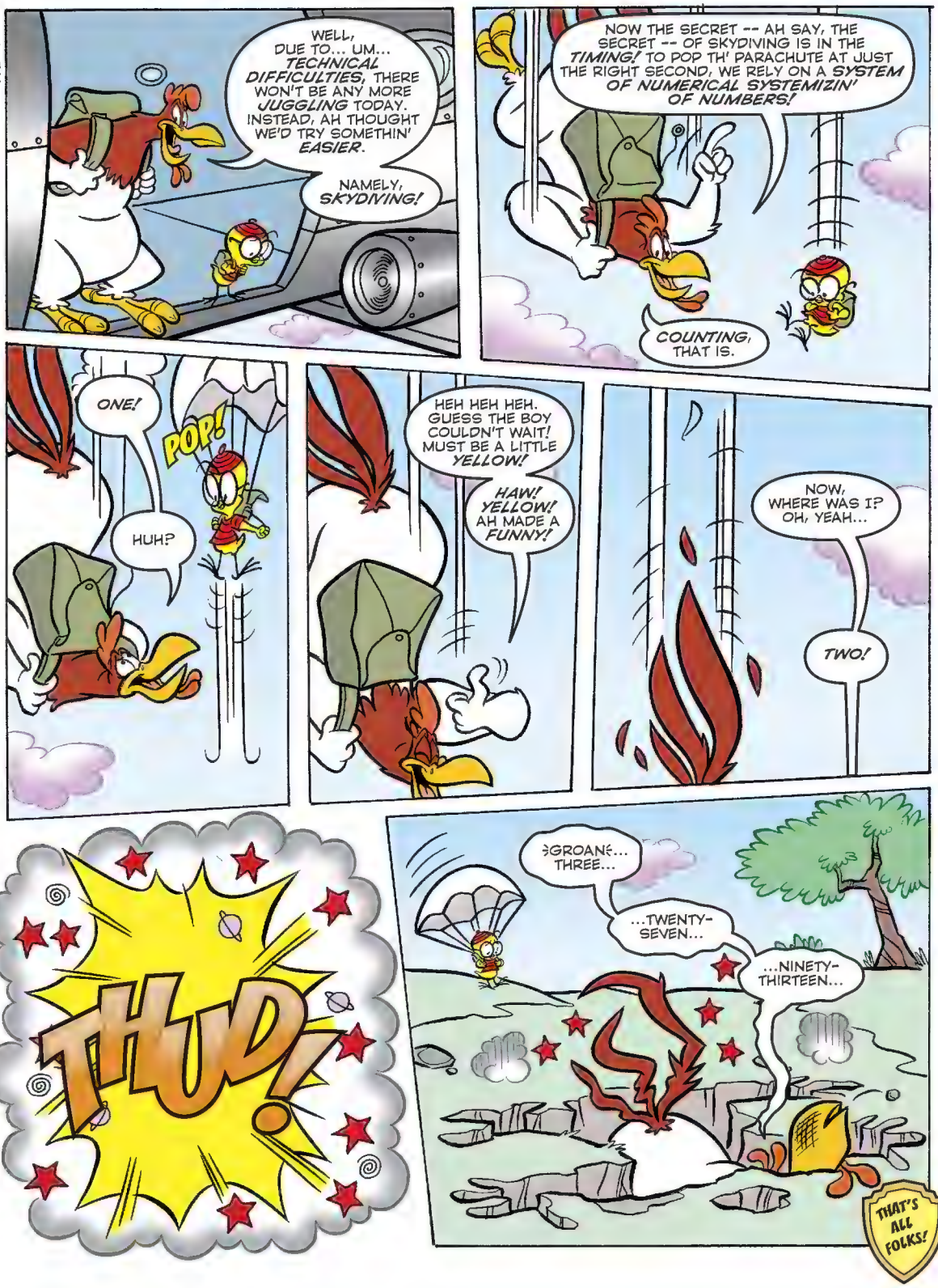
ZRBSSTT
POP
?!
I DON'T BELIVE IT. \T LOOKS LIKE THE SIRENS ARE MOUNTING A COMEBACK! HOLY ROLA \S BACK ON THE TRACK AND GAINING GROUND.
NOW JUTTTHT ONE COTTON-PICKIN MINUTE. I PAID FOR A TICKET TO A SHOW, NOT A SODASHOWER WITH A POPCORN GARNISH. WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
THIS WAS 100% TTHILK! IT'S A PIERRE CARDUCK! I EXTTHPECT TO BE REIMBURTTHED! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO CALL MY-
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
LAWYER?
CRASH!


AND DID I MENTION A LITTLE BIT STRANGE?!
TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET
WITH GOSSOMORRAH OUT OF COMMISSION, HOLY ROLA CALLS THE JAM AND THE SIRENS WIN!
CHEER! CHEER! CHEER!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE WITNESSED THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE TURNAROUND IN THE HISTORY OF ROLLER DERBY HERE TONIGHT.
FINAL SCORE: SIRENS 5, HEELS 4.
SI-RENS!
SI-RENS!
SI-RENS!
FINE PIECE, I SAY, FINE PIECE OF SKATING THERE, YOUNG LADY. I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD IT IN 'YA.
YEAH, BABY, I COULDN'T BE MORE PROUD.
YOU D-D-DIDI-DIDID--DIDIT, LOLA!
YOU SAVED DE TRACK AND SENT THAT VATO YOSEMITE PACKING WITH HIS BEARD BETWEEN HIS LEGS.
WELL, BUGS, YOU COULD BE MORE PROUD-EXCEPT YOU LEFT HALF YOUR PRIDE OUT THERE ON TURN THREE WHEN WERE SUCKING WIND AND BEGGING FOR A SUB.
DON'T THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE.
THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

FOGHORN'S PAGE OF LEARNING: SKYDIVIN'!

FISCH- WRITER
ALVAREZ- PENCILLER
DECARLO- INKER
S. GARCIA- LETTERER
TANGUAY- COLORIST
DIGITAL- SEPARATIONS
RICHARDS- ASST EDITOR
HILTY- EDITOR

WB1903


WELL, DUE TO... UM... TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES, THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE JUGGLING TODAY. INSTEAD, AH THOUGHT WE'D TRY SOMETHIN' EASIER.
NAMELY, SKYDIVING!
NOW THE SECRET -- AH SAY, THE SECRET -- OF SKYDIVING IS IN THE TIMING! TO POP TH' PARACHUTE AT JUST THE RIGHT SECOND, WE RELY ON A SYSTEM OF NUMERICAL SYSTEMIZIN' OF NUMBERS!
COUNTING, THAT IS.
ONE!
POP!
HUH?
HEH HEH HEH. GUESS THE BOY COULDN'T WAIT! MUST BE A LITTLE YELLOW!
HAW! YELLOW! AH MADE A FUNNY!
NOW, WHERE WAS I? OH, YEAH...
TWO!
THUD!
GROAN... THREE...
...TWENTY-SEVEN...
...NINETY-THIRTEEN...
THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

EGGBERT'S PAGE OF LEARNING: HE-MANPOWER!

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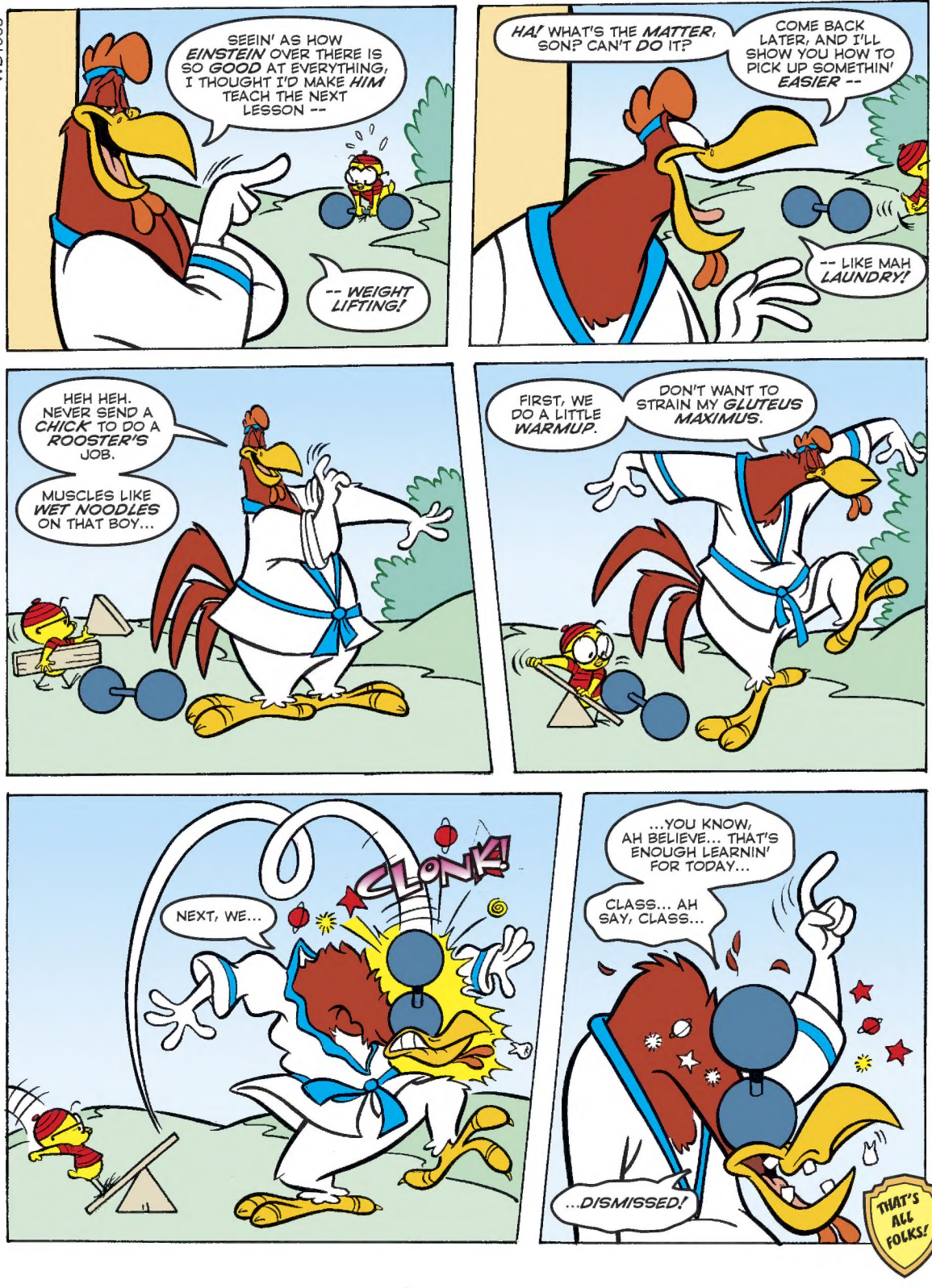

SEEIN' AS HOW EINSTEIN OVER THERE IS SO GOOD AT EVERYTHING, I THOUGHT I'D MAKE HIM TEACH THE NEXT LESSON --
-- WEIGHT LIFTING!
HA! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? CAN'T DO IT?
COME BACK LATER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PICK UP SOMETHIN' EASIER --
-- LIKE MAH LAUNDRY!
HEH HEH. NEVER SEND A CHICK TO DO A ROOSTER'S JOB.
MUSCLES LIKE WET NOODLES ON THAT BOY...
FIRST, WE DO A LITTLE WARMUP.
DON'T WANT TO STRAIN MY GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.
NEXT, WE...
CLONK!
...YOU KNOW, AH BELIEVE... THAT'S ENOUGH LEARNIN' FOR TODAY...
CLASS... AH SAY, CLASS...
...DISMISSED!
THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

"A SHADY CHARACTER"

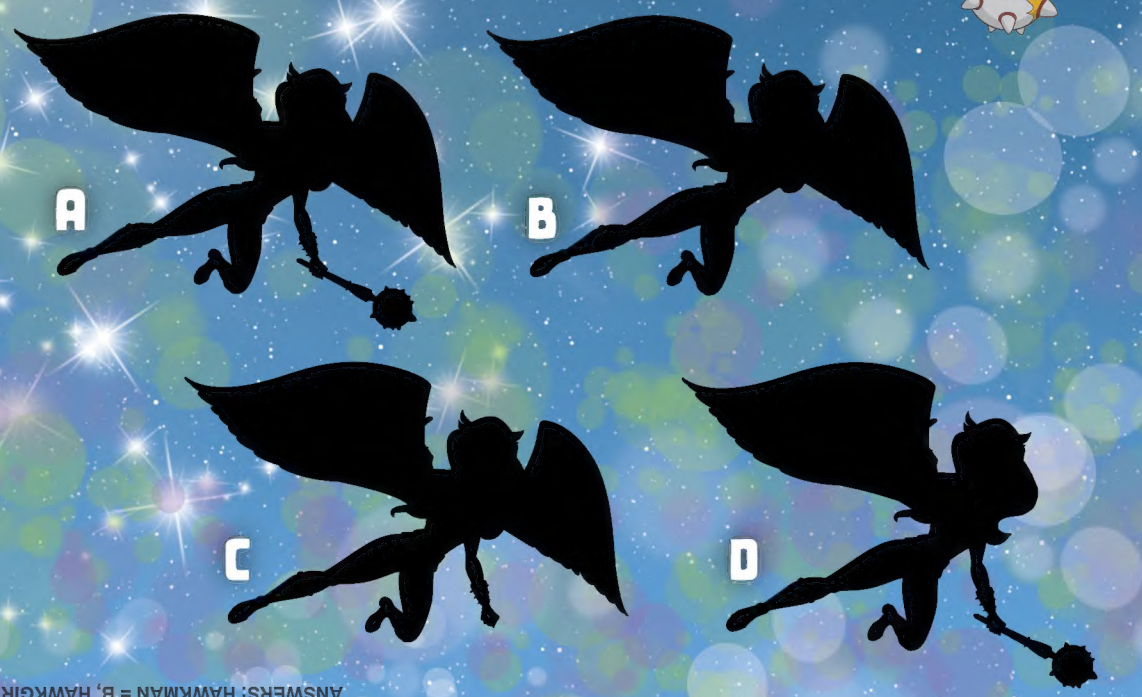
BY SHOLLY FISCH AND DARRAN ROBINSON

OUR OLD FOE, THE *SHADOW THIEF*, HAS PULLED OFF HIS MOST DARING CRIME: STEALING HAWKGIRL'S AND MY *SHADOWS!*

ONLY *YOU* CAN HELP US GET THEM BACK!

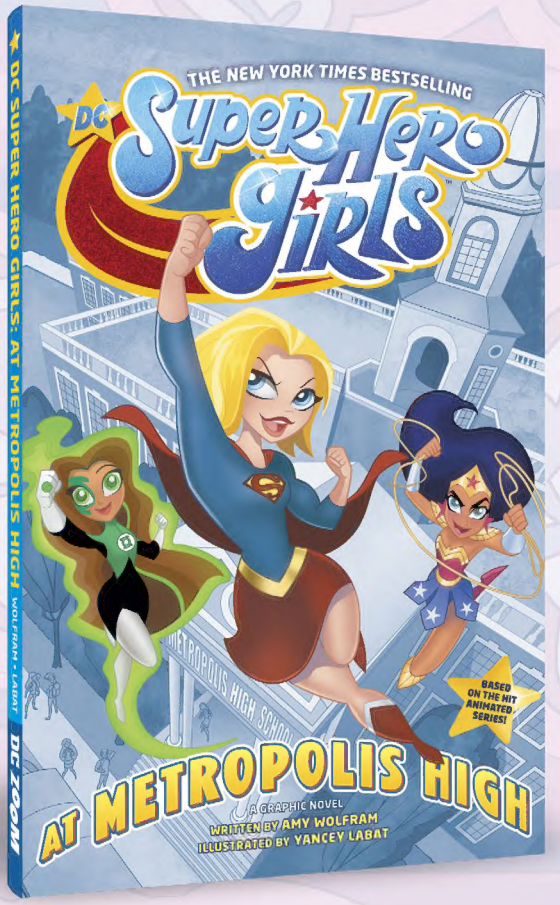
FIND THE SHADOWS THAT MATCH THE SHAPES OF HAWKMAN'S AND MY BODIES.

LOOK CAREFULLY-- THERE'S ONLY *ONE* EXACT MATCH FOR EACH OF US.



ANSWERS: HAWKMAN = B, HAWKGIRL = A

Super-heroics + homework + after-school clubs? These girls can handle it!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